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Previously I've noted that Ricky White's fabricated account of the JFK assassination in which he has his deceased father as one of three assassins cribs from two books, Hugh McDonald's Appointment in Dallas and Richard Popkin's The Second Oswald.

When the Whites and I were being taped for appearance on Inside Edition, in a part not broadcast the Whites said they not read any assassination book.

In reading George Bernau's novel, Promises to keep (Warner, 1989) this morning I found something in it that is unique to it in any assassination book of which I know, whether fiction, as it is, or non-fiction, that is duplicated in the White fabrication. It is on page 384.

Bernau's novel comes quite clearly from the JFK assassination and he uses some of what is known in it, with a major difference: the president survives. Dallas, Parkland, Dallas police, etc., all in the novel. He duplicates characters like Ruby, who is Green and Tippit, who is Towne.

In White's fabrication Tippit picks up Oswald (Strode in Bernau) near the book depository and his father, and in Bernau, Towne picks up one assassin and Strode! What follows is quotes that reflect the cribbing by the Whites. (I make this plural because I have the impression that he doesn't have much brains but the wife is sharper.)

"I think it was Ray Towne's job to eliminate at least one of the shooters."

"Maybe Strode had been told that Towne's patrol car is going to be his transportation out of the city or at least as far as the pickup point for the other shooter... . What better way to clear downtown Dallas that day than in the back seat of a Dallas black-and- white? But the truth is it was just a setup. Towne was really there to kill him."

Those familiar with what the Whites have said about their alleged plot at the press conference they had in Dallas will see that their fiction appears to come directly from the fiction.

Harold Weisberg

as the President of the United States, but there's a pattern to them. My guess is that this one came out of New Orleans, and that means your pal DeSavio. Now, I'm going to start guessing a little, but it's educated guessing. I think it was Ray Towne's job to eliminate at least one of the shooters, maybe both. The stakes were too high on this one to let the trigger men go on living for very long. Once they were both dead, the links back to DeSavio would be almost impossible to trace. So, Towne is waiting for Strode at his rooming house before anyone else even has the word on him. Maybe Strode's been told that Towne's patrol car is going to be his transportation out of the city or at least as far as the pickup point for the other shooter, the guy in the blue plaid shirt. What better way to clear downtown Dallas that day than in the back seat of a Dallas black-and-white? But the truth is that it was just a setup. Towne was really there to kill him, clean and simple. It was a perfect way to eliminate a guy like Strode, a nut killed resisting arrest, end of story—but something went wrong.

"Jump in here whenever you want to," Sullivan said to Green, but still the older man stayed silent and Sullivan continued, piecing together all the bits and pieces and fragments of information that he had picked up in Dallas and New Orleans and Mexico over the last four years, and throwing them all out at Green now in the wild hope that it would convince the dying man to confirm what to Sullivan was so far mostly just suspicion and guesswork. "But like I said, something went wrong. Strode got smart or maybe just lucky, and it's Officer Towne who gets killed. But there was a backup. There's always a backup plan in professional jobs like this one, and my guess is that you were it that day," Sullivan said, pointing a finger at Green. "You were in it all along, but the original plan was for you to finish Towne off, not Strode. If it all had gone the way it was supposed to, you would have waited a week or so after the shooting, let it all cool down a little, maybe even give Towne enough time to be a hero for a while, and then one day you would come along and settle your old score with him. But when Strode did your job for you and finished Towne, you were ordered to go in after Strode instead. It wasn't as neat and clean as it could have been the other way, because you'd worked out all the details in advance on your cover story for killing Towne, but it was going to have to do. Strode had to be kept quiet, and you were the best thing DeSavio had left to get the job done for him. So they cooked up a new story for you. How you were a big Cassidy fan and you were pissed off at Strode for taking a shot at him, a little thin, but what the hell, a lot of people were pissed

off at Strode and maybe they could sell you as just crazy enough to actually do it. You were a regular around the police station, everybody's pal, free drinks at your club for cops. It was a good-enough cover story for how you got into the station that night, but the truth is that you had more going for you than a few old friends and some luck, because it wasn't just you and Towne who were on DeSavio's payroll, but so was at least one other cop. Someone with enough authority that he could make damn sure that you got into the police station untouched that night and then make sure you got close enough to Strode that you could do your job. My guess is that other cop was Deputy Police Chief Boyer."

Green stayed quiet for a long time after Sullivan had finished. The older man just kept looking at the floor and breathing deeply and painfully in and out. "Take me to Washington or somewhere safe," Green said finally, his eyes still on the floor. "Get me the hell out of Dallas and I'll talk to you."

Sullivan stared down at the thinning grayish-black hair on the top of Green's head. "Why?" the FBI agent said after several more seconds had gone by.

"Do it, and I'll tell you the whole fucking story," Green blurted out then. "I don't give a shit about any of it anymore, but get me the hell out of Dallas!"

Green's head shot up then and his eyes began darting around, as if whatever it was that he was afraid of was lurking in the corners of the freshly painted room. "They own the fucking city," Green said. "Maybe it's in the food, I don't know. Or maybe it's like the guy said, and it's in the goddamned air that they pump into my cell, or the fucking water, but something's killing me. Get me the fuck out of here and we'll do some business," Green said wildly, his eyes still moving restlessly around the room, as if he were searching for its secrets. Sullivan looked at him, wondering if maybe Green really was crazy. Crazy enough to have killed Strode for the very reasons listed in the Bureau's final report and nothing more. And crazy enough now to make up some wild story to get himself out of Dallas and try to save himself from the slow, ugly death that no one could really save him from. Sullivan wasn't certain which way it was with Green, but he had to know.

"Who are you telling me the 'they' is, that's trying to kill you?" Sullivan asked.

Green was quieter now, concentrating again on his own strained breathing. His head and shoulders had slumped back down toward the floor as he spoke. "You're guessing pretty good," he said.

"It was DeSavio's operation, wasn't it?" Sullivan said. "Noth-